*Enter Richard Duke of Gloceſter, ſolus.*

NOW is the winter of diſcontent,
Made glorious ſommer by this Sonne of *Yorke*:
And all the cloudes that low'r vpon our houſe,
In the deepe boſome of the Ocean buried,
Now are our browes bound with victorius wreathes,
Our bruiſed armes hung vp for monuments.
Our ſterne alarums chang'd to merry meetings.
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull pleaſures.
Grim-viſagde war, hath ſmoothd his wrinkled front,
And now inſted of mounting barbed ſteedes,
To fright the ſoules of fearefull aduerſaries,
He capers nimbly in a Ladies chamber,
To the laciuious pleaſing of a loue.
But I that am not ſharpe of ſportiue trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous looking Glaſſe:
I that am rudely ſtampt, and want loues maieſty,
To ſtrut before a wanton ambling Nymph;
I that am curtaild of this faire proportion,
Cheated of feature by diſſembling nature,
Deform'd, vnfiniſht ſent before my time
Into this breathing world halfe made vp,
And that ſo lamely and vnfaſhionable,
That dogs barke at me as I halt at them:
Why I in this weake piping time of peace
Haue no delight to paſſe away the time,
Vnleſſe to ſpie my ſhadow in the ſunne,
And deſcant one mine owne deformity:
And therefore ſince I cannot proue a louer,
To entertaine theſe faire well ſpoken dayes,
I am determined to proue a villaine,
And hate the Idle pleaſures of theſe dayes:
Plots haue I layd, inductions dangerous,